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JUNE 1913

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



# The High School Advocate.

VOL. XXIII.

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1913

Price, 15 cents

## A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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## EDITORIALS.

WHEN school opened in September we found only one of the former faculty here; all the other teachers were new to us. Miss Burns still controlled the commercial department. Miss Burrage was our new teacher of History, and commercial assistant. We found that Mr. Bunker, formerly of the Portsmouth High School had been elected to the position of sub-master. Miss Cutts substituted for Miss Lake, in the English department until the latter's return from Europe where she had been spending her vacation. Mr. Hutchinson, who has taken Mr. Reaveley's place as principal, has proven a great favorite with all. Miss Adams took Miss McAllister's place in the Latin department and Miss Stevenson succeeded Miss Conant in the French and German course. We were very glad to welcome back Miss Bartlett, supervisor of music, and Miss Bean, our drawing teacher. Dr. Keyes, our superintendent, has proved his kind interest and shown his sympathy in many ways and has

lent an encouraging hand to many a despairing pupil.

### The Luncheon Counter.

We have heard considerable talk, during the past few years, in regard to the necessity of having a luncheon counter in the High School. This year the School Committee decided to establish one as an experiment. Mrs. Groce kindly took charge, but in spite of the excellence of the food, the low price and the novelty of the thing, it could not be made to pay, and at last had to be abandoned. Every one knows that in spite of the failure of the luncheon counter this year it is a necessity which the school cannot well get along without. Possibly if the matter were taken up at one of the meetings of the Parent and Teachers Association, some way might be found out of the difficulty.

### The New Marking System.

This year the marking system used in the schools of the town of Needham has been



changed. The new system, after one has become accustomed to it, is very satisfactory. The system of marking is as follows:

S-| = 95-100.

S = 90-95.

S- = 85-90.

P-| = 80-85.

P = 75-80.

P- = 70-75.

U = Unsatisfactory.

F = Faithful.

If a pupil has not received a passing grade in any study, but has spent the acquired amount of time in preparation, the mark "F" makes possible his promotion with the rest of his class. "U" on the other hand is entirely unnecessary and can be avoided by the pupils' own exertions.

#### Debate.

This year in the High School a Debating Club has been formed for the boys. This club has proved to be very beneficial. In a town like Needham, where it is very necessary for the individual to take part in town affairs and to speak in town meetings, it seems to us, that nothing will help as much as early practice in debating. Let us hope that, soon, movements will be taken to make this Debating Club a permanent feature in the Needham High School.

We wish to express our thanks to the people who have helped, by advertising, to make our Advocate a financial success. It not only shows willingness to help, but it shows also interest in the school. We hope that our readers will show their appreciation of this interest by giving the advertisers their patronage.

We wish to extend a vote of thanks to all who have in any way contributed to the Advocate in the labor and interest. To Miss Bean we owe special thanks for the good work she did in the drawing department and we wish to thank her again and the pupils who made the cuts for us. We wish also to extend a vote of

thanks to Mr. Leonard Dawson, President of the Teachers and Parents Association, Mrs. Litchfield, Secretary of Teachers and Parents Association for the kind assistance they gave us in that department.

#### Teachers and Parents Association.

The first meeting of the Teachers and Parents Association of Needham was held March 6, 1913 at the High School Hall.

It was called to order at 8.15 o'clock by Mr. J. H. Whetton, chairman of the Temporary Committee.

Minutes of the meetings of the Temporary Committee were read and approved. The Constitution and By-laws were read and discussed and it was voted to accept them as read.

The following officers were elected:

President.—Mr. Leonard Dawson.

First Vice President.—Mrs. E. D. Gourd.

Second Vice President.—Miss Florence Eaton.

Treasurer.—Mr. J. H. Whetton.

Secretary.—Mrs. L. D. Litchfield.

The President then took the chair, the following twelve persons were elected:

Mrs. R. Fiske,

Mrs. M. J. Fitzgerald, 14 Reservoir St.,  
Newton Upper Falls.

Mrs. J. C. Freeman, Dwight District,

Mrs. W. J. Queen, Needham Heights,

Mrs. W. P. Bailey,

Mrs. Waldo Crawley,

Mrs. D. L. Smith,

Mrs. T. J. Crossman,

Miss Lilyan Lake,

Miss Alice Eberhardt, Harris District,

Mr. Valentine Dunn,

Dr. A. H. Keyes.

These people together with the officers constitute the Executive Committee.

Voted, To have the Association join the National Organization. A number of Parents and some of the Teachers were called upon and they responded with fitting remarks. Dr. Keyes and Mr. O'Neil spoke along educational lines.

Pleasing selections were rendered by Miss Bartlett's Orchestra and it was voted that the



orchestra should receive a vote of thanks in appreciation of their music.

The Temporary Committee was also extended a vote of thanks for their efficient work.

Voted, To have the President call a Special Meeting, invitations to be sent by the school children.

A banner used in Malden gained by the room children.

A banner used in Malden gained by the room which had most parents represented at an Association Meeting was spoken of and it was voted to look into the subject and have the President appoint a Committee.

One hundred and thirty signed the Constitution during the evening.

The Meeting adjourned at 10.15 o'clock.

The second meeting of the Parents' and Teachers' Association was held Thursday evening, April 17, in the High School Hall. Mrs. Milton P. Higgins, state president of the Congress of Mothers, and Parents' and Teachers' Association, a speaker of great ability, gave an interesting and instructive talk on the possibilities and opportunities in co-operation of home and school, also church and state, illustrating on the blackboard. A short farce was admirably given by pupils of the high school: Miss Marion Gorse, Miss Gladys Freeman, Miss Gertrude Moeller, Miss Mabel Blades, Miss Eunice Rae, Miss Katherine Cunningham and Mr. Lloyd Litchfield. This was much appreciated by all present and great

praise and credit is due the pupils and to Miss Lake, our English teacher, for its success. Selections on the piano were given by Master Harold Slaney. The hall was well filled and the membership has increased to one hundred and sixty, an encouraging sign of interest in this most important department of town work.

### Third Meeting.

Piano Solo—

Grace Mitchell

Delegates report of Mother's Congress

Solo—"Beloved, It is Morn" *Aylward*

Mrs. Ross, assisted by Miss Moseley

Address—"Promotion, attendance, corporal punishment, home study, physical training and organized play"

Dr. Keyes

Discussion—Organized School Playground

Mr. Dunn.

Piano Solo—

Frederick Whetton

Work in Commercial Dept. of High School

Miss Burns

Solo—*a*—"The Lament"—(from Ben Hur by Chadwick)

*b*—"Boat Song"—(by Harriet Ware)

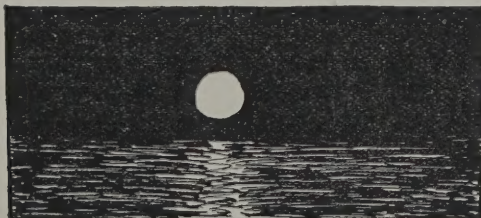
Mrs. Ross

Moved—We extend a vote of thanks to all who have taken part in this evening's program

Closed by singing—America

MRS. L. D. LITCHFIELD,

*Secretary.*







## WOODROW WILSON.

The Greatest Living Stenographer.

THE question of who was the greatest living stenographer dates back of modern civilization. In the fourth century of our era, Decimus Magnus Ausonius, a Roman poet, called to his stenographer, "Skillful master of swift notes, come hither. Open the page of thy tablet, where a great number of words, each expressed by different points, is written like a single word." Surely, Trio, the faithful Roman Slave, must be mentioned in our Stenographic Hall of Fame, for having first perfected the first system of brief writing, with which he reported the orations of Cicero, and preserved them for modern times. The question, then, of "who was the greatest stenographer that ever lived," is a big one—at least two thousand years long. Before attempting to answer it, let us turn to another, and easier question, "Who is the greatest living stenographer?" "The Greatest Living Stenographer" is none other than Woodrow Wilson, the President of the United States.

President Wilson is a shorthand writer and a skilled typist. Although stenography was never a direct means of livelihood with President Wilson, it has always been, and still is,

a great help in all his duties. Few other men have had the foresight and patience to master shorthand for personal use, and because of its time-saving advantages over long-hand. Thus the President has given a splendid example to other men who have important work to do in the world.

After Mr. Wilson was nominated for governor of New Jersey, and when questions were showered upon him, he was observed making notes in shorthand. Upon inquiry as to his stenographic ability, he replied: "Yes, I write shorthand. I have written it for forty years. I learned it when I was fifteen years old." That President Wilson thoroughly mastered shorthand is shown by the excellent outlines which he executes. He had found shorthand valuable in his work as author and college president, and he will continue its use as President of the United States. The manuscript of his "History of the American People," one of the most valuable contributions to our historical literature, he first wrote in shorthand and afterwards transcribed it on the typewriter.

Although Mr. Wilson for months past, has employed a large and efficient staff of stenog-



raphers, he still maintains personal relations with the typewriter. Only recently he had his machine overhauled, that he might take it with him to the White House. Mr. Wilson does not use the touch method of typewriting, so well employed by his aids, Mr. Swem and Miss Tarr. However, he has a speed of about forty words per minute, writing with the first and second fingers of the left hand, and the first and third fingers of the right, the second finger being unavailable because of an injury received years ago.

Mr. Wilson is intensely interested in shorthand and typewriting, and he appreciates fully the oft times difficult task of the stenographer, and always uses the greatest care in providing every possible comfort for his stenographers. An illustration of this occurred at Fall River, Massachusetts, where Mr. Wilson delivered a speech of one hundred and eighty words per

minute. He followed his stenographer into his compartment on the private train and offered his assistance in transcribing the speech, saying he realized how fast and difficult it must have been.

For forty years the President has used shorthand in preparation of his books, speeches, and literary productions. It is no wonder that he remarked to Mrs. Wilson a short while ago that he would not take ten years of his life for his knowledge of stenography. To him it has been a tremendous conservator of time and energy, and he could well pay the art this compliment.

Woodrow Wilson will be the first President to make personal use of the typewriter in preparing his annual messages, and important state papers. "The Greatest Living Stenographer" will also impart to the profession an added prestige and dignity. A. M., '13.





## HIS OWN PEOPLE.

ALIM RAHAB sat in the luxurious apartment of his father's palace, one of the smaller kingdoms of Southern Arabia, gloomily smoking and thinking. He was a tall, dark, fine-featured young man and but for his browned skin, he might easily have been mistaken for an Englishman. His dark brown, indolent eyes gazed furtively around the room as if frightened at something but resumed their normal attitude when a servant entered the room.

"Sahib," the latter announced in a silvery voice, "Sahib, your most illustrious father desires your presence in the throne room at once."

Prince Alim rose slowly to his feet saying, "I come." Soon afterward he entered the throne room where the king sat surrounded by his attendants. As his son entered, his angry features became distorted with passion and he called to him loudly.

"Alim," he asked as Alim approached nearer, "Alim, were you in the English quarters this morning?"

Alim gazed into his father's angry eyes a few minutes before answering, and then he said "Most honored father, I was."

At this, his father's suppressed wrath broke forth. He cursed his son for visiting the English quarter, a place which he hated as much as he did the people who lived there. "And now," he concluded, "you may go to your English people and their English customs."

Alim turned slowly away, his heart filled with sorrow. He thought of his mother, English by birth, who had married his father in a fit of anger towards her parents, who objected to him, and how she had longed to be free from the imprisonment into which he had forced her. It was from her that Alim inherited his love for England and the English. He had been taught the English tongue and spoke it fluently, even better than he did his native language.

When Alim left the throne room, he turned to the right and mounted a flight of marble

stairs. At the head of this staircase a long corridor, set with statues, led to a small door in the rear. Alim turned in this direction and opening the door entered a reception room, daintily and tastefully furnished. From this, he went through several rooms until he came to a courtyard, in the centre of which a fountain bubbled merrily. The place was a maze of walks and flowerbeds but the boy seemed to know his way well, for he turned towards a small ivy bower, where something shone through the foliage. A sweet looking woman, who was seated on a garden-seat sewing, brightened when she saw him coming, and laid her sewing aside. Her son's visits were always a source of joy to her. He came up and kissed her gently on the forehead before he spoke. But the morose expression of his face did not escape the mother's watchful eyes.

"My son," she said softly, "what is wrong? Has your father's wrath broken forth again?"

"Oh; mother," he said, "I have been told to go and to go forever. I cannot leave you. I cannot," he continued in a voice shaking with sobs. "He would surely kill you. Come with me and we will go to England where he cannot harm you."

"No, Alim, no. I can never do that. I am bound by duty to stay and stay I must; but tell me about the trouble."

"He found out that I was in the English quarter this morning. He had forbidden me to go there and because I was disobedient, he has disowned me. He told me to go, 'to go to my English people.'"

"Oh, Alim," his mother said when he had finished speaking, "you had better go. Listen I have a plan! You can go to England—I have the money—and seek my people. They have not written for years and they may all be dead, for all I know. But go and if you find them, beg them to receive you. I feel sure they will. Do not tell them anything about me, nothing except that you have come to visit England. Say I am happy—if they ask.



And now,—go; I may never see you again; but that is as God wills, and in Him will we trust. If you set out early to-morrow morning, you will be well on your way towards England before night. Goodbye, my boy and good fortune go with you!" The boy lifted her tenderly in his arms and kissed her, then left before his mother should see the tears that filled his eyes.

Months afterward Alim Rahab walked slowly along the embankment. He seemed tired out and barely able to drag his feet along. Disappointment was written in every line of his face. He had searched vainly these last few months, for his mother's people for no one knew anything of them. During this time, he had made few friends for his whole attention was centered in his enterprise and how he was about ready to return where he could be nearer his mother, "Another day," he told himself, "and I will go."

As he went along thinking thus, he almost collided with a young fellow who clapped him heartily on the shoulder. "Hello, Kinglon," he cried,—for Alim had taken his mother's name upon his coming to England,—“come up to the Savoy with me. A crowd of the fellows are having a dinner there for one of their friends from up country. By the way," he added, "his name is the same as yours. Any relation?"

"Not that I know of," Alim answered, "coincidences will happen, you know. But I'll come. I'm feeling pretty blue to-day anyway."

The two men made their way through the crowd until they came to the hotel. They entered and went straight to a dining room where five or six young men were gathered. They greeted the newcomers cordially and Alim was introduced to the stranger who seemed strangely familiar to him. During the whole evening he paid much attention to Alim, and upon his departure asked him to visit his estate in Kent. Alim eagerly accepted the invitation. "Probably it will be worth while," he thought. "I may find my people at last."

The next week found Alim on his way down to Williamshire in Kent. He had been delighted with London, but the beautiful scenery through which he passed surpassed his hopes and he was rather sorry when the journey was over. Kinglon met him at the station with the dogcart and soon they were jaunting merrily along the country road.

"I hope you will not object," Kinglon said as they rode along, "but my mother came down unexpectedly this week and brought a crowd of friends with her. I had hoped that we should have the place to ourselves but now she has come we will have to make the best of it."

Soon they turned into a wide drive. In the distance, the towers of a large house rose above the trees. A curve brought them into sight of an imposing manor house, surrounded by beautiful grounds. A broad terrace extended on both sides and on this many people were gathered. As they stopped before the wide doorway, a servant came up to take charge of the pony and the two young men mounted the steps. As it was very near the dinner hour, Alim was shown immediately to his room and did not have a chance to meet the other guests until dinner.

When he came down the stairs after he had dressed for dinner, he saw, standing in the hall below, a woman who turned quickly around as she heard his step on the stairs. He started with surprise when she looked up. How much like his mother she was, he thought,—the same eyes, the same finely formed features. "Could it be?" he asked himself. "Had he really found his mother's people at last?"

She looked at him strangely as he came nearer. "You are Ware's new friend, I suppose," she said, as he stopped beside her, "I am his mother and I hope you will enjoy yourself here."

He thanked her profusely as she led him to the drawing room where the other guests were already assembled. He was introduced to them all in turn; and many wondered at the similarity of the names and the likeness between Mrs. Kinglon and Alim. A tall beautiful girl who had stood at the window gazing out into the moonlight night when he entered, looked



at him in perplexity. During dinner she looked at him furtively in the same perplexed manner.

After the meal was over, Alim made his way to her side. "Miss Kenton," he said. "Will you walk with me on the terrace? I should like to ask you something." She took his proffered arm and they walked slowly out on the terrace. Once there, he began to talk immediately.

"I noticed that you kept looking at me during dinner," he said slowly. "I wonder if I remind you of someone else or what?"

She kept silent for a few moments. "Mr. Kingdon," she answered, "you do remind me of someone else; someone who was very dear to me."

"Tell me—tell me," he interrupted.

"Years ago," she continued, "when I was very young, a beautiful young girl lived near me. She was many, many years older than I was but I was very much attached to her. When I was about five years old she went to Arabia and soon afterwards we heard she was married to an Arabian prince. Her people were very angry and her father refused to hear her name spoken again. Since then, he has become almost a recluse. You remind me of her in many ways and the similarity of names makes it still more astonishing. You came from Arabia, tell me do you know her?"

"She is my mother," he answered simply, "and I have found her people at last. I was almost sure that I had found them when I

came down here but now there can be no mistake."

"Yes," she answered, "you are right. But come, let us find your grandmother. She has forgiven her daughter long ago and has tried in vain to find her."

They found her seated alone, sad and preoccupied. He told the whole story and at its conclusion she sobbed aloud.

"God help her! May she live to be free from her yoke! Come let us go to her father."

As they were about to mount the stairs, a servant brought in a telegram for Alim. He opened it hastily and read:

"Am coming immediately. Your father is dead. Wait for me! Mother."

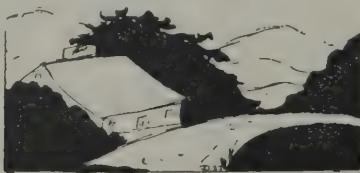
The boy cried out in his joy and handed the message to his grandmother. She too rejoiced over the good news. "Let us wait," she said, "until she comes before we tell her father. I feel sure he will forgive her."

Several weeks later Alim's mother came, looking old and frail after her long journey. They welcomed her joyfully and led her to the door of her father's room. She opened the door softly and entered. Her father was seated in his armchair gazing up at her picture on the wall.

"Father, forgive me!" she cried, and knelt before him.

"My darling," he sobbed as he raised her in his arms, "I have forgiven you long ago. Oh! stay with me always, always." Peace had entered his heart at last.

RUTH CAHILL, '14.





## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

IT was a dismal night, the rain was pelting down in large drops; every now and then a clap of thunder followed by a flash of lightning, echoed and re-echoed through the still night. In a little room in a small cottage, a man sat by the bedside of his only child. He was sitting impatiently on a low stool, rocking himself back and forth. As he sat there with his great shaggy head resting on his chest, stroking his little daughter's hand, he presented a very sorrowful, but alas, a very common picture. Every now and then he raised his head, as if he were listening for some familiar sound. Everything was quiet, except for the ticking of the clock on the mantel, and the hurried breathing of the sick child. He began to move restlessly and to turn eager eyes toward the door, which opened into the dark night.

He was suddenly recalled from his dark thoughts by the gasping of his child and the pleading tones in which she addressed him.

"Please don't go, father. Stay with me a little longer. Stay until mother comes. Please do, father."

"Lie still," he growled, in a voice deep with suppressed emotion.

The child obeyed but continued to gaze pleadingly at her father.

The rain still beat at the window panes and the glass rattled in its casing. Each flash of lightning terrified the fever-stricken child. She clung to her father, who impatiently growled at her, and not ungently, laid her back on the bed.

At last he could stand it no longer. He arose from his chair and taking the sleeping potion, which the doctor had left to be used in case of emergency, poured some out on a spoon and approached the bedside. The child opened her eyes and asked what he wanted, in a very faint whisper.

"I just want you to take some medicine, which will make you ever so much better," he said.

"Oh, papa, you know the doctor said I could never get better. I don't want any old medicine, I just want you to stay with me until the angels call me."

"Now you know very well that you must take your medicine. The doctor said you might be cured, but if you don't take it, you never can expect to get better. Sit up like a nice little girl."

He lifted the wasted figure and held a spoonful of the liquid to the reluctant lips of the child. After she had taken the medicine he laid her gently back in bed, tucked the covers around her, kissed her and sat down by her bedside, once more.

Soon her deep breathing told him she had fallen asleep. Noiselessly he tiptoed across the room, to where his tattered coat hung on a peg in a corner. Hastily donning his coat, he cautiously reached for his hat and put it on and then crossed quietly to the table, where the candles were casting their flickering light over the little room. He blew out the large one and moved the smaller to the mantel, where its light would not bother the sleeping child. Then he looked about the room to see if everything was in its proper place. Having satisfied himself that all was as it should be, he crept over to the child's bedside.

Here he stood looking at the child for a long time, until she, apparently conscious of his glaring eyes, tossed restlessly in her sleep. Then he stooped, brushed her brow with his lips and rushed from the room into the outer gloom, with a moan.

## II.

The night was pitch dark and the rain was coming down in torrents but the drink-crazed man did not heed it. He was conscious of nothing except the aching, biting thirst, which parched his throat and racked every muscle of his body. He turned his steps toward the village, and when its twinkling lights came into view he broke into a run and reached its haven out of breath but perfectly happy.



In Sam Budwick's saloon, there was a number of men clustered around the bar, indulging in liquor and uproarious laughter. These men welcomed our friend noisily and called upon him for a speech. He responded by calling loudly for liquor which was hastily brought, and George Hardwin began to enjoy himself.

At twelve o'clock Budwick closed his saloon and turned his unwilling patrons out into the damp night. When he could obtain no more liquor and no longer remain in the saloon with his friends, Hardwin, turned his drunken footsteps toward home. The rain had long since ceased and the night was very calm and quiet.

Hardwin had forgotten about the rain, his thoughts were taken up with Tom and Bill, what they had said and what jolly good fellows they were. Every now and then, he would burst forth into a hiccoughing song or break into hilarious laughter. Many curious eyes were turned upon the man, but his drink-sodden brain failed to grasp anything of his present surroundings; Bill and Tom were tremendously good fellows.

### III.

Half an hour after the drunkard's departure, his wife returned home. She found the place deserted except for the sleeping child. She went over to the bed, assured herself that her child was living and then crossed hastily to the pegs in the corner. Here she discovered that her husband's things were gone, and with a moan she dropped to her knees by the child's bedside, and gathering the child in her arms, crushed her to her bosom.

She was brought to consciousness by a question from her child. She was asking for her father and her father was not there. She tried to quiet the child by telling her that he would soon be home.

"I want him now, mother, because I can see the angels beckoning me and I want to go to them, but I want to see papa first. Where is he?"

"I do not know, but he will be here soon. My child, I cannot let you go. Stay with me;

oh! what shall I do without you? Oh, merciful God, spare her."

The woman threw herself upon the bed and gave way to a burst of anguish. The child raised herself painfully and putting her puny arms around her mother, said in a very sweet voice, "Don't cry, mother, God will take good care of me. Tell papa I wanted to see him before I died but that I shall wait for him in Heaven. Good-bye, Mama, dear. I'm going to be awfully happy with the angels," and with a smile spreading over her face, the child breathed her last and the mother was alone with her dead.

### IV.

There was a lurching at the door, a rattling of the knob, a creaking of the hinges, and the door opened to admit the carousing father.

He entered the room with a loud laugh and a snatch of a popular song on his lips. He approached his wife and made a drunken effort to embrace her. She turned from him in disgust, and pointed with her finger toward the bed.

His drunken eyes looked in the direction she pointed and discovered the child, sleeping as he thought. "Yes, I left her that way when I went, sound asleep. She looks as if she might get well, don't she, dear? Wait till I tell you what Bill told me. Hee! Hee!"

"Asleep! What ails the man? She's dead. She asked for you, just as she died and you were not here."

"Dead? Dead? My Rosalie dead? Who said she was dead?" and with a wild rush he caught the child up in his arms, where she lay cold and stiff, with the same sweet smile on her face. Then, and not until then, did the drunken father realize the truth. His daughter was dead. She had died while he, her father, was away. Never again, no never would he ever touch another drop of liquor. She had asked for him and he was not there! His wife had been there but he had not. What devil had been there to tempt him to leave the house? Never would he answer the call of the demon, drink again, no, never to his dying day.



The oath that Hardwin took by the bedside of his dead child, was never broken. He and his wife occupied their old cabin for years.

They never spoke of the death of their child and the circumstances which attended it.

E. M. C., '13.

## A COUNTRY STORE.

ALL typical country stores are very interesting, but the one which interests me the most is the one which is situated in the small town of Snake Bend. To one looking over the vast plains of green grass this attractive store appears like a dot in the distance. As I approached over the well worn rut made by the numerous vehicles of the village farmers, I noticed a large weather-worn sign which hung over the door, on which was the proprietor's name. Beneath, were smaller signs which stated the prices of the merchandise which was sold there.

The store was sheltered from the beating sun and heavy storms by a projecting roof. On either side of the shuttered door, was a large window. The one on the left was evidently broken, as a piece of cardboard had been nailed in its place. If one had remarkably keen eye sight, he might be able to see, through the soiled window, a large amount of carelessly arranged merchandise. The other window was decorated with souvenir post cards, fresh vegetables, "Ward's tip-top bread," bandanna handkerchiefs, candy, stationery and numerous other articles.

As I entered the store, a large old-fashioned stove seemed to stare at me. The store was not very large, but nevertheless was divided into two rooms, one of which was used for storage. Many barrels and boxes were piled on each other in one corner, while a large glass case, containing butter, milk, etc., stood in the other corner. An old gray-haired man, who sat on a hogshead, kicked his feet restlessly against the empty barrel. In spite of his restless appearance, he seemed to be enjoying his corn-cob pipe. About him sat other men, smoking and gossiping. To the left, was a long counter behind which stood the proprietor. He was an elderly gentleman with

long gray hair, bright blue eyes and a broad grin. He looked as if he had a very pleasant disposition, a fact which greatly increased his trade. His long gray frock which he wore, distinguished him from the other men.

Along one of the walls, was a row of shelves, which contained everything required in a small town. A black cat lay asleep, curled up on the top of the counter. On one of the show cases was a large rack of assorted post cards which were laden with dust. A large placard which filled up nearly one side of the wall read as follows, "Votes for Women." A buzzing sound could be constantly heard, which I discovered to be a multitude of merry flies feasting unobserved. Along with the buzzing of the flies, was the steady blending of the murmurs of the men who were talking, occasionally they were interrupted by the entrance of a customer into the store, the proprietor would leave the other men who were talking, and wait upon his customer. A small child came in and greeted the proprietor with a cheerful, "Howdy, Mr. Higgins?" Evidently, Mr. Higgins was a favorite among the children. She told him what she wanted, he walked slowly over to the other side of the room, and weighed five pounds of sugar. After he had carefully done up the bundle, she handed him the money. Evidently he was not a good accountant for he wrote down the figures on a slip of paper, and after reckoning for several moments he handed the child one cent change.

It was now growing dusk, and Mr. Higgins lighted his three lamps which were fastened to brackets on the wall. One by one, as if weeded out, the gazers went home. When the old clock, which was over the door, struck its last chime of eight, Mr. Higgins blew out the lights, locked the door and went peacefully home, smoking his old pipe. G. M., '14.



## A MONOLOGUE.

“GOOD morning, Mrs. Peterson, 'tis a lovely morning we are having this morning. O, so you're washing today are you? Well isn't that nice. Now I can sit and talk to you and you can work right along and enjoy yourself.

“You know that rich Mrs. Mint's hired girl, Bridget? She went to the circus with that fool fellow of hers and he bought her some peanuts and they do say as how they had a good time. Now would you believe it?

“Yes, I know, and did you see the strange lady in church yesterday, with the high-faluting bonnet? I thought as how every minute she would be slapping old Abie Johnson in the face with that yard and a half of ribbon, which was sticking out on the back of her hat and so nigh to Abies' nose that he dassent bat an eye! My goodness, I always

did say as how these bonnets they wear now-a-days do beat the Dutch!

“Annie Greene over to the Corners was calling on me yesterday, and she said she didn't know how she was a going to get along this winter because her Jersey cow had gone back on her; her hens have stopped laying; there was a heavy frost last week and it was after killing all her vegetables; and she wound up with the awfulest tale of how all of her children were down sick with the mumps, and her husband, that's Jim, broke his leg last week and Heavens only knows how they're going to get along. Well, I cheered her up a bit, gave her a jar of jelly for Jim, some salt pork for the mumps and promised to call on her next week. Some people do seem to have an awful time. Guess I'll have to be going. Good-bye.

E. M. C., '13.





## SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Frank Taylor, *President.*

Mildred Keith, *Vice-President.*

Harold Miller, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

*"Labor Conquers All."*

We returned to school in September greatly refreshed and quite ready for work. We think we assumed the dignity of Seniors very readily and even if we do say it ourselves, we think it became us very well.

The first thing we did was to take a "peek" at the "Freshies." By the simple questions they asked and the sheepish looks they wore, we could easily distinguish them from the Sophomores and Juniors, who crowded the halls. We may as well own that these simple questions and sheepish looks were deceiving, for without a doubt they are the most enterprising class of "Freshies" that ever entered Needham High School. It was very comforting to realize that if we stood upon our dignity, little "Freshie" retired very quickly and made a hasty retreat to Room 4, where he knew he was perfectly safe from any further Senior advances.

We had been looking forward to our first Senior party, for some time and about the first of December began our preparations. Different committees were selected and the work went along very smoothly. December 13, came and every one was on hand promptly at eight o'clock. The evening's entertainment opened with a grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson. This was followed by games in which everyone was glad to take part. The dancing began promptly at nine o'clock and the surprise of the evening came

when the electric lights were turned out and a full moon arose above the evergreens which were banked on the stage. Refreshments, in the form of ice cream and cake were served during intermission. Dancing was again resumed and at eleven o'clock the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" died away and the party broke up. Every one had a good time, and though this was the only party the class gave during 1913, the memory will last forever.

Then came the sleigh ride. Oh, what a jolly time we had! Many of the class were forced to stay away and consequently it was a very small party, but what we lacked in number we made up in hilarity. The route we followed is a mystery but we all agreed that it was a good one.

May 20: GLOOM DAY.

May 21: Crossman makes his debut as a French Milliner. It was some creation, Bev!

May 23: We had a little journey to Boston where we had our pictures taken. Oh, the joy of it! The suspense! It proved to be a veritable breathing exercise from one end to the other. Hoffman in particular, had a nice time. Whose feet were constantly in the way? Whose little hand could not stay where it belonged? Who was the little girl that caused so much trouble? In spite of all these difficulties we are glad to say that the pictures came out very well and do not flatter the class in the least.

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,  
And settled down to drill;  
He bored away for half an hour  
And then he broke his bill.



## CLASS HISTORY.

Chambers, Edith — December 16, 1894.

"Edie" was born in Roxbury and at the age of three removed to Needham Heights, where she has resided ever since. Since she has entered High School, she has been an industrious member of the commercial department. She holds the school record for type-writing. She knows the history of the United States so well that she never needs to study it. Since she was elected editor of the Advocate, she has been the busiest person in the school. Her work, however, near the end of the year was seriously hampered because she had the misfortune to catch the mumps. It is likely that she will take up office work.

Crossman, Beverly — March 16, 1895.

"Bev" is a great artist and leads his class in "making faces." In a few years we will find Beverly the leading cartoonist for the Bull Moose Weekly. He has played on the base-ball and foot-ball teams and we appreciate his work in athletics.

Gorse, Marion — August 26, 1895.

Marion distinguished herself as an actress this winter. She contemplates entering Mount Holyoke in the fall and is planning a trip abroad after graduation. The friends at home hope she will not become a disciple of Emmeline Pankhurst when she crosses the water.

Herdman, Eleanor — November 26, 1894.

She bears the title of "Boss of the Herdman household." Needless to say she does not hesitate to assert herself at all times in class. She contemplates going to a finishing school.

Hoffman, Carl — October 22, 1893.

"Hop" evidently came into the world so long ago that he has forgotten where he was born. Champion "chewer" of the class, he has sampled all kinds of gum and informs us that Spearmint is by far the best. He expects to attend M. A. C.

Keith, Mildred — February 24, 1894.

She is to be Valedictorian of the class. She is also a musician of great merit. Rumor whispers around that Mildred will do missionary work after graduation.

McAdams, Agnes — July 5, 1895.

"Ag" is another member of our class with a retiring disposition. "A friend true and tried, but never found wanting." A short while ago Agnes was interested in Natick affairs, but has recently, like all good Needhamites, come home.

McLeod, Warren — July 24, 1893.

Another member of the class of 1913 is "Mac," who we hail as our class poet. "We grant although he has much wit, he is not shy of using it." Since entering the High School "Mac" and "Wid" have been twins. The building will seem strangely quiet without them. "Mac," acting on the advice of one of the faculty, is to take up the study of dentistry.

Miller, Harold — January 7, 1895.

Harold is secretary and treasurer of our class and is also the youngest and oldest heir of the Miller family. "Doc," as he is called, is certainly a student and his motto: "Business before pleasure" is easily accounted for when you see the serious expression he wears at all times. He hopes to enter M. I. T.

Palmer, Lillian — April 15, 1895.

Our class orator "Lil" was born in Worcester, joined our class in our Sophomore year and since then has been an invaluable member.

"Lil's" future seems to be depicted clearly in Goldsmith's words: "Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn, sweetly as a primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Palmer, William — May 22, 1894.

"Wid" entered High School from the gram-





CLASS OF 1913





mar school the same as the rest of us did. He has taken a prominent part in athletics, and is Captain of the base-ball team for this year. It is most likely the he will join forces with his twin, "Mac" and that in after life they will "pull" together.

Rae, Eunice — April 26, 1894.

Eunice entered the High School with the class of 1913. "To be heard and not seen" is "Eun's" motto. She holds first place in the laboratory as, "Breaker of anything

breakable." Eunice hopes to enter Simmons in the fall.

Taylor, Frank — April 22, 1894.

Frank is Class President, Class Favorite and Class Scholar. He is such a conscientious youth that we deem it advisable for him to take up the study of medicine. In a few years hence, we hope to address him as: Mr. Frank Taylor, Doctor of Osteopathy.

E. L. C., '13.



## OUR EPITAPHS

Come shed a tear,  
"Hop" lies here,  
He left the world of quacks and cheats;  
The doctors said, "'twas too much eats."  
Hard luck Hop.

"Wid" joined a show to get relief,  
The applause was scarce;  
His career was brief.  
Farewell Wid.

"Bev" came to grief in a racing car—  
It climbed a tree — and there you are.  
Oh! what a night.

"Mac" went his way in joy and mirth  
"Till a "mermaid" snatched him  
From the earth.  
Lucky guy.

What became of "Doc" and Frank?  
They left this world with a terrible yank,  
"Doc" laid his "butt" near a gasoline  
tank.  
Farewell boys.

IZZIE McLEOD. '13



## CLASS OF 1914

Norman Dawson, *President.*

Helen Wagner, *Vice President.*

Harold Wright, *Treasurer.*

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

Percy Quinlan, *President.*

Annie Campbell, *Vice President.*

Leo Buckley, *Treasurer.*

Lloyd Litchfield, *Secretary.*

The members of the Junior Class have been unusually quiet this year and are very sorry they disappointed the members of the school, who for some unaccountable reason, seemed to expect so much from them. In spite of this unprecedented quiet they have been active enough to select their class pins, give a class party, and plan a sleigh ride.

They think their class pins are the most ingenious things ever invented, in spite of the fact that the Seniors made the same declaration about theirs last year. Really though, the picture of the High School, surrounded with the class colors, blue and gold, does add a touch of character to them.

However, the class party is considered the chief event of the year. The hall was very prettily decorated with the class colors; the lights were covered with blue and gold paper. The first part of the evening was spent in playing games and then everyone was invited to dance. This part of the program was greatly enjoyed. Soon eager eyes were turned towards the door where the girls were serving refreshments. Naturally the refreshments, which consisted of ice cream and cake, were immensely enjoyed by the boys. At eleven o'clock, the party broke up, and everyone went home, very well pleased with his first party in the Needham High School.

We must not forget the glorious sleigh ride, which we almost had, and which we enjoyed nearly as much as if we had had it. We will live in hopes of enough snow next year to carry out our plans, which "fell through" this year.

Some of the Juniors have made a name for themselves, by exhibiting their oratorical powers which have lain dormant so long. Patrick Henry may prove a blessing to the High School in more ways than one.

At last the long looked for moment has come! No more running up and down stairs, and getting lost in the halls, for we are no longer Freshmen. We have risen from the conspicuous place we held last year as Freshmen into the inconspicuous place of Sophomore.

We held a class meeting for the election of class officers. Oh what good times we do have at our class meetings.

Toward the middle of the year we had our sleigh ride and where we went will always remain a mystery. Everyone had a good time. We only wished that the snow had lasted longer so we could have had another.

Now we are looking forward to next year when we can have a real party in the High School Hall and everybody can enjoy the privileges of being a Junior, to the fullest extent.

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FRESHMAN NOTES

Channing Baker, *President.*

Irene Norcross, *Vice President.*

Edward Littlefield, *Treasurer.*

Lloyd Flewelling, *Secretary.*

At last we have become members of the Needham High School and although we have to study quite hard, we manage to enjoy ourselves. The way of the Freshman is not as hard as theory has it.

We held our first class meeting for the election of class officers and considering it was our first attempt to handle anything so important as a class meeting, we think that matters went very smoothly and reflect credit upon the class.

The Senior girls missed their mirror from the Senior dressing room, shortly after school

opened last fall. Who took it? That will always remain a mystery because a Freshman never tells anything.

On the whole we are entirely satisfied with the High School and although it did not come up to our expectations in every way we think we can spend four years within its walls, with profit to ourselves and to our friends.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

Worth Brownville, class '09, has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. We extend our sympathy and hope that he may enjoy a speedy recovery.

On October 22, 1912, Margaret Roper, class '10, was married to Mr. Harold Toone, of Needham Heights. Rev. Edward Marsh officiated.

Florence Gorse, class '12, entered Mount Holyoké College in September.

Ross Stanwood, class '11, won his "C" at Colby, in football last fall.

Stella Sonnenberg, class '12, is studying at Boston University.

Charles Chambers, class '09, has become

assistant superintendent of the Longwood Cricket Club.

Gordon Herdman, class '09, formerly of Wellesley National Bank, is now in the Financial Department of the Herald.

Ruth Walker, class '10, is training at the Homeopathic Hospital.

On June 23, 1912, Alfreda Davidson, class '09, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Childs of Needham. Rev. Arthur Littlefield performed the ceremony.

Walter Flewelling, class '06, has just completed a five years' course at the Normal Art School.

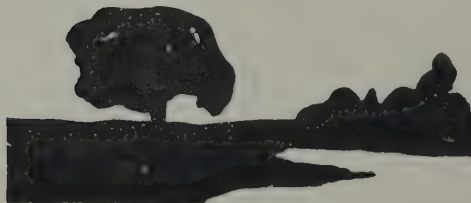
At the last election of town officers, Mr. John Gilfoil, class '96, was elected selectman of Needham. May all success attend him.

Eola Rivard, class '08, was married June 5, 1912, to Mr. Hudson Appleby of Needham. Rev. John D. Waldron officiated.

Henry McAdam, class '11, is acting as private chauffeur to Mr. George H. Walker, of Charles River Village.

The fact that many of our Alumni receive good positions every year, and that they do such a high grade of work reflects great credit upon our school.

E. D. H., '13.







1912 FOOT-BALL TEAM







## FOOTBALL NOTES 1912.

The candidates for the school football team were called out soon after school opened. The first week was devoted to practice, under the direction of Captain Richwagen and Manager Crossman. On September 18, Coach Favanger arrived and under his charge the following team was developed:

Ends: Brownville, Mills, Gilbert, Corrigan.

Tackles: Flint, Quinlan.

Guards: Richardson, Littlehale, Carter, Hamilton.

Centers: Buckley, Childs.

Quarter backs: Palmer, Dawson.

Half backs: Crossman, Richwagen.

Full back: Wright.

On September 26, after two weeks of hard drilling, the Needham team journeyed to Newton, where they met defeat, 21-0. This was by no means a bad beating considering the weight and experience of our opponents and the light, inexperienced team we had. One half of the Needham team had never played in a football game before. Hyatt, Brady and Captain Wilbur played good ball for Newton, while Brownville, Quinlan, Crossman and Richwagen deserve credit for good work for Needham.

On Saturday, October 5, Needham lined up against the strong Rock Ridge Hall team of Wellesley, on Green's field. During the first half, Needham constantly gained ground and had six points to her credit at the close of the first half of the game. Unfortunately for us, Rock Ridge, through experience and greater endurance, was able to win the game, by the score of 13-6. For Needham, Quinlan, Brownville, Crossman, and Richwagen excelled.

Columbus Day, October 12, the Walpole team met defeat at the hands of Needham, on Green's field, by the score of 58-0. The game proved to be very one-sided from the spectators' point of view, but the experience gained by playing heavier teams, was brought out in this game.

The game scheduled with South Boston, to be played October 19, had to be cancelled because of bad weather.

October 26, Needham journeyed to Hyde Park and returned home victorious with the score 26-0 in her favor. This game proved to be the best of the season. The ball was always in Hyde Park's territory, showing the strength of the line, as well as that of the backfield. For Hyde Park, Captain Espinola played a

of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, covered with mosses and nasturtiums.)

"In the centre of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, covered with mosses and nasty mushrooms."

Palmer. American History — "He barely escaped with his death."

Room 2 Study; Miss L.— "This seems to be a place of refuge."

Leo B., sent in from Room 1.— "A place of rest you mean."

Miss L.— "Don't rest too long."

Mr. B.— "If sodium nitrate is soluble in water and is found on the top of the ground in Northern Chile, why doesn't it wash away? Anyone may answer."

SILENCE.

Mr. B.— "Because it's a desert down there."

Miss L.— "Hoffman, what are you eating?"

H. '13 — "I'm not eatin'."

Miss L.— "What are you doing?"

H. '13 — "Chewin'."

Miss B.—s — "Do you want to come back to afternoon session?"

Godfrey '15 — "Foolish question!"

Mr. B.— "What would the people do if they didn't have any food supply?"

A. S. '15 — "They'd die."

Miss B.—s — "I want no more questions from this class. What is it?"

Miss B.—ge, explaining a cartoon to the History Class — "Here is New York represented with a bag of money in one hand and here is a tiger purring up to her—"

Miss A.— "Gilbert, are you eating an orange?"

G. '14 — "No'm."

Miss A.— "What are you eating?"

G. '14 — "A tangerine."

E. R. '13 — "How can I ever see that number away up there?"

Mr. B.— "I guess you will have to stand on a sheet of paper."

Miss L.— "Give me some examples of humorists."

A. B. C. '13 — "Bud Fisher."

E. R. '13 — "She looked on high with her feet."

C. H. '13 — "The night was dark. There was a full moon."

F. E. '15 — "If you are going to stand over there, sit over here."

Miss B.—ge — "What was the most important room in the Roman house?"

B. Jacobs '16 — "Dining room."

K. Childs — "She threw her eyes at the corner of the garden."

Miss L.— "Well!"

C. '13 — "Pretty well, thank you."

Littlefield '16 — "Take off your foot."

Miss N.— "I couldn't think what possum meant."

Miss D. P. G.— "It means some kind of coffee, doesn't it?"

H. M.— "His look stopped about ten feet in front of her."

Miss Adams — "He had a long uncultivated beard."



Tell me not, oh, noble senior,  
School is but an empty dream,  
If you have a good demeanor,  
Altho' you're old, you're very green.

School is real, school is earnest,  
"Freshies" say so every day;  
Though for you the work is easy,  
Freshmen find no time to play.

In the school-room field of battle,  
In the struggle up the hill,  
Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies,  
All go through the same old mill.

Better then be up and doing,  
Soon you'll have to earn your salt,  
In the struggle for existence,  
If not, 'twont be freshmen's fault.  
SELECTED.



## EXCHANGE NOTES.

Because work on the Advocate was necessarily begun late in the season we have very few exchanges. However, we hope to receive more next year.

The Log, Island Falls High School, Maine, we consider a nice little paper and hope to receive other editions from you. The Fall edition is good but a few cuts might improve your paper wonderfully.

Fifteen minutes more to slumber,  
Fifteen minutes more for eats;  
Fifteen minutes more to wonder,  
How cold it is outside the sheets.

No fifteen minutes more to slumber,  
No fifteen minutes more to feast;  
No extra time to catch the trolley,  
If you live north, south or east.

Ex.

The Searchlight, Walpole High School, Walpole, Mass., is an exceptionally bright paper. Your stories are good and your school notes are particularly witty.

### The Immigrant's Mistake.

He had not been in this country very long and as he stepped onto the wonderful train he noticed a crowd of school girls. He knew very little English, but understood it well enough to tell something of the girls' conversation.

"I thought I should die, when Nell started to read her theme," said one girl.

The immigrant, whom we shall call Jean gasped with astonishment.

"Die?" Who had almost died?"

"Yes, wasn't it killing?" asked another.

"Killing!" He trembled with fright.

"She does do some awful things."

"Awful!"

"Did you see the professor try to crush her with a glance?"

"Crush her? Heavens!"

The train stopped and he made a dash for the door just in time to hear:

"That didn't hurt her a bit, but really wasn't it absurd."

As he stepped off the train, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow he sighed.

"And this is a free country. People are killed, crushed; and others die, and yet it does not hurt them a bit, and it is absurd."

When we stop to think of it, some of the phrases which we use are very exaggerated and indeed they must have a strange effect on anyone unfamiliar with our language.

Ex.

The Somerville Radiator, Somerville High School is an exceptionally good paper throughout. The literary work is especially well done. A class picture or a picture of a ball team would add greatly to its attractiveness.

### High School Pupil's Prayer.

"Now I lay me down to rest,  
Before I take to-morrow's test,  
If I die before I wake,  
Thank Heaven, I'll have no test to take."

Ex.

The Minor, Waltham High School. Your paper is very well written up, but a few more cuts would greatly improve it.

M.G. '13.





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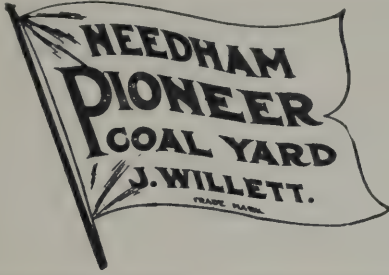
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At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

Voted: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a complete four years' course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

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Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session 1913-14 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

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